

# A Dragon Whisperer's Tale: Entering The World

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Summary: A modern boy enters the world of HTTYD by meeting a Night Fury and befriending it. A modern boy finds that he can understand what dragons are saying and lands on the isle of Berk. A modern boy lost his Night Fury and meets Hiccup. A modern boy is on a journey to keep the movie on track and hopefully find the whereabouts of his dragon. Cover art by Hope and Heir on Berk's Grapevine.

## 1. Prologue

\*\*A/N: Hello! This is my first fanfic so please leave a review so that I can improve on my writing skills. In addition, I do not own How To Train Your Dragon, its scenarios nor its characters.

DreamWorks does. Rated T for possible violence (This chapter has been edited because I feel that the story is a little bit rush.)\*\*

\*\*Prologue\*\*

A lone 13-year-old boy is walking around a rocky beach. He just had an argument with his parents again. Right now, he felt the ocean breeze on his face very cold but yet calming. He's wearing a white shirt with a blue coat on, a pair of out of proportion jeans and a pair of sandals that looks like it's going to break any minute.

He has dark brown eyes, a pair of blue glasses, a flat nose and a slightly out-proportioned mouth.

As he looked up to the bright full moon, revealing his dark hair, he saw a streak of blue light, following by something falling out of the sky. He heard a screeching noise that he recognizes from some movie he watched an awfully lot of times. Something that he saw that would forever change his life.

What he saw was a creature that is supposed to be fictional, a myth that should not even exist.

It has a large reptilian body with a pair of bat like wings. Its scales are midnight black. Luckily, it still has all of its tail fin and wings intact, unlike the same kind of dragon that he saw in the movie.

By that, he meant a Night Fury.

Standing there jaw-dropped, the boy gathered back his thoughts and ran to where the Night Fury had landed.

There, he saw a pair of green-yellowish reptilian eyes looking straight at him. The scared, confused boy felt that the dragon was feeling the same. Although neither of them had the intention to kill each other, they still don't know what to do then.

The awkward silence (even that both sides can properly have a conversation with each other) was broken when the boy decided to reach out his hand and pet the dragon to comfort it.

At the time, the boy thought to himself that he was crazy. But then again, actually seeing a dragon in real life probably already meant that he was already seeing things, so he decided to reach out to see if it's real or not.

As it turns out, it was as real as it could get.

He felt his palm was touching something smooth but rough. He was actually petting it, an actual dragon! Never would he saw the day that this would happen.

Never would I have seen that coming.

That boy was me.

And at that day, I befriended a dragon, but not just any dragon. I befriended a Night Fury, the supposed unholy offspring of lightning and death itself.

However, let us rewind a little bit and retell who I am first. My name is Ken. I am 170 cm (5 ft.7) and I live in China, more specifically, Hong Kong. I am better at speaking English than Cantonese or Putonghua, which were supposed to be my native tongue, for some reasons.

Anyway, after that night, I began spending more time with it, or now more appropriately, him, as in Dion, a name that I gave him. Luckily, right after the Christmas holiday I had the exam for the term so I had a little more time to spend with him before school regularly starts again. It's weird that he did not flew away after a few days, it's like he wanted to stay with me.

And that gave me the idea of riding on him and go flying.

I knew that it might be risky considering that there is an airport nearby that has planes that might crash into us, but I was willing to take the risk and experience what it is like to be high in the sky as long as I don't pass out from lack of oxygen.

Today was the day that we were supposed to have our first flight

together.

However, something went terribly wrongâ€|

As we were traveling through the clouds, I saw a strong beam of light flashing in the sky.

"What's that? Maybe we should take a look, Dion." I said.

Then, the light consumed us.

We both panicked when there was nothing but salty seawater below us.

To make matters worse, we saw the sun going down.

At that moment, we had only two things that we can do A. land in the water and hope that we could wash up somewhereâ€|or just plainly drown after the endlessly unsuccessful search for land. Or B. Find land while we were still airborne.

As it turns out, I chose B since we just so happens to saw an island not far from where we were.

That island looked way too familiar for me. It almost looks likeâ€|

"No, it can't beâ€| It's impossible!" I thought.

The impossible just became a reality.

As we flew near the isle of Berk, I suddenly made a connection in my brain.

"It all makes sense now! Dion must have traveled to my world, uhâ€|time or uhâ€|universe or whatever through a portal in the sky! I remembered there being a streak of blue light on the night that I met Dion." I thought, as we slowly landed in the woods outside the village.

"I've got a feeling that this is going to be one ride that I will neverâ€|" I was interrupted by a voice saying" \_ What! Why I am back on this island?" \_

"Wait! Who said that?"

\*\*A/N: What do you think, it's the narrative transition in the middle a little out of place? Am I writing good enough? Please leave a review so that I can improve on this fic and my writing skills.\*\*

\*\*(\*\*\*\*Also, I feel sort of guilty for leaving a small cliffhanger there, but don't worry, an update is coming up soon.)\*\*

## 2. Chapter 1

\*\*A/N: I \*\*\*\*realised\*\*\*\* that the story might seem a little dull but I feel t\*\*\*\*h\*\*\*\*at I should continue onwards writing it. Also, if there're other fanfics out there that drew a similar plot to this, I

am here to apologize, considering there are at least a thousand of them that include an OC travelling to Berk. Again, I don't own any scenario or characters of \*\*\_\*How to Train Your Dragon.\*  
\*\*\_\*DreamWorks does. (Just a reminder, if the summary, genre or title changes, it's because I couldn't settle on what they might be. Sorry for the inconveniences.)\*\*

\*\*Chapter 1\*\*

A silence was formed for a while, and then broken by that same mysterious voice.

"\_Ken, what's going on\_?"

"Wait? Dion, it's that you?"

I heard grunts and growls from the dragon I am currently riding on, and for whatever reason, they started to make sense.

"\_What! How are you understanding me? And why now when we are back on this d\_arn \_\_island of all things!" \_

"What's wrong with Berk?"

"\_Oh it's nothing, except for the part where brutal Vikings kill dragons!"

><em>

Whoa, whoa, whoa! Let's stop there. As I recalled, Berk, it's NOT killing dragons. Unlessâ€|you came from the time whenâ€| that haven'tâ€|happenâ€|"

"\_What event?"\_

I shouldn't tell himâ€| but since I'm here already, I thought, why not?

"Just let me ask a question first, do you have to serve a dragon, which its size is as big as a volcano?"

"\_How did youâ€|"\_

"Second, do you see another Night Fury in the Nest?"

"\_Yes but why are you asking this now? Wait a minute! Humans aren't supposed to know about the Nest, how did you know about it?"\_

I guess I've never did told him, even when we have met for at least two weeks!

"I hate to bring this up to you butâ€|"

I was interrupted by a huge flock of dragons flying over our heads.

\* \* \*

><p>"Ah, come on. Let me out, please. I need to make my mark." I said<p>

"Oh, you've made plenty of marks. All in the wrong places." My mentor said.

"Please, two minutes. I'll kill a dragon. My life will get infinitely better. I might even get a date." I replied.

It's time like this that I whished that I wasn't such a hiccup.

"You can't lift a hammer. You can't swing an axe, you can't even throw one of these." said my mentor while handling a bola to a Viking outside.

Gobber's right. I'm too weak to lift almostâ€| anything.

Not even a bola.

But I have just the thingâ€|

"Okay fine, but this will throw it for me."

Right after I said that, my bola launcher just randomly fired at a Viking outside the forge.

Oops.

"See, now this right here is what I'm talking about."

"Mild calibration issueâ€|"

"Hiccup. If you ever want to get out there to fight dragons, you need to stop all... this."

"But you just pointed to all of me!" I said in confusion.

"Yes! That's it! Stop being all of you."

It melded together in my mind.

"Ohhhh..."

"Ohhhhh, yes."

"You, sir, are playing a dangerous game." I bluffed. "Keeping this much, raw... Vikingness contained. There will be consequences!"

Not amused, Gobber said, "I'll take my chances. Sword. Sharpen. Now."

Sometimes I really hate being the blacksmith's apprentice but I know that one day I'll get out there, because killing a dragon is everything around here.

A Nadder head is sure to get me at least noticed.

Gronckles are tough. Taking down one of those would definitely get me a girlfriend.

A Zippelback? Exotic. Two heads, twice the status.

And then there's the Monstrous Nightmare. Only the best Vikings go

after those. They have this nasty habit of setting themselves on fire.

But the ultimate prize is the Dragon no one has ever seen. We call it the Night Fury.

This thing never steals food, never shows itself, and... never misses. No one has ever killed a Night Fury. That's why I'm going to be the first.

"Man the fort, Hiccup, they need me out there!"

Here's my chance to prove that I'm not a scrawny fishbone that couldn't do anything right.

"Stay. Put. There. You know what I mean."

I ignored him.

I ran as fast as I could while pushing my experimental bola launcher into the field.

I opened up the bola launcher, eagerly waiting for a target to shoot down.

"Come on. Gimme something to shoot at, gimme something to shoot at."

I heard a whistle-like noise, followed by a roar.

Then, a shadowy figure flied across he sky. Right at that split second, I pulled the trigger. The bola came flying out like a shooting star.

For a moment, there was only silence, then followed by a screeching shriek.

"Oh I hit it! Yes, I hit it! Did anybody see that?"

Next thing I know, there was a giant Monstrous Nightmare right behind, crushing my machine into tiny little pieces.

Oh gods, this is probably the worst day of my life, not that I had already had a few.

\* \* \*

><p><em>"So what you are saying is that a Viking boy will befriend the Night Fury which I always looked up as a brother and the entire event is retold by a format known as a movie which consists of fast moving pictures so that the human eyes can be fooled to think that it's actually moving?"<em>

"You don't need to go that detailedâ€|but yes, that's exactly what happened."

"\_Why didn't you tell me then?"\_

"Well first, I don't feel it's necessary and two, the most important one, is that since the day I know you, I weren't supposed to

understand what you were saying, at least in my world.

"\_Oh. "\_

The awkward silence happened again. Man, why do things has to be so awkward between us?

I mean, we were good friends right?

We've played together, we've eaten lunch together. And now that I think about it, raw fish isn't that bad, except for the scales and bones. Those are, one disgusting and two, made it difficult to swallow.

My trance of thought was broken by Dion. \_"Wait! I remembered something!"\_

"What? What is it?"

"\_It's a legend that runs around the entire Archipelago. It stated that two heroes will rise and stop thatâ€|thatâ€|monstrosity that is I used to serve."\_

"So what you're saying is you wanted to leave this place because, A. there's Vikings that can kill you at any moment during raids, B. You hated to serve that huge dragon and C. you don't want to get eaten by said dragon."

"\_Yep, pretty much.\_"

"By the way, are you sure you recalled the legend correctly?"

"\_Why do you want to ask me that?"\_

For a moment, I couldn't answer him.

Or should I say I wouldn't answer him?

Having already read close to one hundred fan fiction, the fan boy in me couldn't resist asking that question. Given the ridiculous circumstance, I'll say that I might be in an elaborate story, cleverly paced by someone who imagined themselves to be in this sort of situation.

No, it's impossible, I can't be in a story.

My trance of thought was once again broken by a huge 'thump' in the forest.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN: Finally\*\*, \*\* I'm done with this chapter done. I'm sorry that I updated this fanfic this late. I was busy with school work and I couldn't have time to type.\*\*

\*\*Anyway, please review. It will help me a lot more.\*\*

\*\*A/N: I really need opinions. It helps me to write better. So please review. I need them very much. (The actual feeling of it is like being addicted to something.)\*\*

\*\*Is it me or is the story's narrative falling apart quickly? Since from what I saw, the quality of it cannot be matched by other fanfics that I've read. Maybe it's because this is my first?\*\*

\*\*Anyway, I'm working on another fanfic and it is a re-adaptation of another story. Don't want to spoil it yet but it involves an OC that is set to be heavily related to Hiccup and Astrid.\*\*

\*\*To reiterate, DreamWorks owns How To Train Your Dragon. I don't.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Chapter 2<strong>

I looked around for the Night Fury in the forest.

There's nothing again.

I've been looking for it the entire morning.

"Uggh, the gods hate me." I sighed

"Some people lose their knife or mug." I started to get frustrated, "No, not me, I managed to lose an entire dragon?!"

I force my frustration into a branch, only to get hit by it.

To my surprise, a large chunk of the trunk from the tree was snapped in half and there was a huge trail of destruction.

But before I could investigate further, I heard a rustle in the bushes.

What I saw was a boy, wearing strange clothing, staring into nothingness.

\* \* \*

><p>Oh no. I heard something. If what Dion said was true, and that we are in a Berk that is filled with dragon-killing Vikings, plus that 'thud' heard a few hours ago, that equals to<p>

Oh great.

That rustle was coming in rather quickly.

'Quick, Dion, HIDE!' I whispered.

As Dion flew into nothingness, I saw him.

Hiccup, with two good legs.

Yep, that confirms my speculations.

I was in the movie, that movie that I watch so often that I've basically remembered all of his lines during the movie.

"Who are you and what are you doing here?" Hiccup asked, "And what's with the clothes you're wearing?"

Oh, what to say, what to say. I'm so nervous right now!

"Uhâ€|uhâ€|aren't youâ€|looking forâ€|something?"

"Hey, you don't look so good. Maybe you should take a rest."

"No, no, I'm fine. You keep looking for it andâ€| hey, just a thought, why don't I stick around and help you thing whatever you're finding. That way it might help me to ease up a bit."

\* \* \*

><p>Even though I thought that the boy was strange, he seemed like a nice person, so I said yes.</p>

But how did he know that I was looking for a Night Fury? Even though he didn't said I right out now, it felt like he knew what I was looking for.

Shaking that thought out of me I returned to the path where the trees were snapped in half.

As I walked up closer to a small dirt hill, I peeked over it and what I saw scared me.

It was the Night Fury.

I took out my dagger, and slowly approach the dragon.

I hid behind a rock, and when I got to the dragon, the dragon lay motionlessly still on the ground.

"Oh wow. Iâ€|I did it. Oh, I did it. This fixes everything. Yes!" I said as I stepped on the dragon.

"I have brought down this mighty beast!"

The same beast roared at me and I fell back to a huge rock.

When I looked back, that strange boy was holding his breath for some reasons, like he knew that was going to happen and was trying to hold in his laughter.

"Not funny!" I shouted.

"Oops, sorry!" he shouted back.

The Night Fury, curiously enough, weren't struggling to be free, especially after he saw me, holding a dagger out in front of it.

"I'm going to kill you, Dragon. I'm gonna cut out your heart and take it to my father." I said harshly. "I'm a Viking. I am a Viking!"

The Night Fury looked at me, he knew what would happen, and we both knew what was going to happen.

I looked at him again; I felt that he was scared. I was also scared.

I raised the dagger.

I couldn't do it. I shouldn't do it. I would NOT do it.

No.

I put the dagger back down.

I looked at the Night Fury again. It was tangled up in the bola.

"I did this." I felt guilty.

I decided to just leave him here. But there's a part of me that said no.

I couldn't leave it here.

So, I, empty minded, decided to cut the ropes.

I nervously looked out for anyone who would find me doing this.

When the rope was snapped, the unexpected happened.

The Night Fury jumped at me and my head was smacked into the rock I previous hid behind, locking me in place, with its claws.

The dragon and I stared for a while. I was scared.

From what I heard, besides the dragon's growling, was that other boy's gasping.

That dragon screeched at me, and just flew away or at least, glided down to wherever it is.

After I got back up, I immediately whimpered and fell back down, fainted.

\* \* \*

><p>I immediately ran down to where Hiccup was to see if he's alright.</p>

Fortunately, he was fine.

But when he woke up, I got the sudden urge to tell him the truth, not that I'm hiding anything in the first place.

"I have something to tell you. You probably won't believe it but I'm from the future. Or is it another other world, or different universes? I don't know. I'm not clear on that part."

"Okay, okay, calm down first, you're stuttering like you never spoke

to anyone beforeâ€|"

"I'm just nervous okay!"

"Fine, I'll leave you to calm down a bit. You do look like you're nervous."

"Well, that's because I AM, thank you for summing that up, Mr. Obvious."

"Wait, what did you say?"

"Thank you for summing that up?"

"Yes that. For some reasons, you sounded an awfully like me just a few hours agoâ€|"

"Man, you've be searching for that dragon for that long?" I stopped him before he figured out that I was quoting him. "I think we should both sit down, so that I may be able to try to explain what might be gong on."

As Hiccup and I sat down on some rocks, I suddenly thought about where Dion could have flown to. I really hope that he didn't fly too far from the island. Orâ€|No, I shouldn't even think about that.

\* \* \*

><p>I've been flying for quite a while now. In fact, I may have flown away from Berk, which made me concerned. What if I have flown too far from Berk? What if I got too close to the Nest? What if Iâ€|no, I won't, I don't want to lose him. We've come so far now.<p>

We've play together. He fed me very well, even though I can see through his eyes that he didn't want to do this. I don't really understand as to why. Maybe other humans in the two worlds tried to stop him from finding me? Then again, no one did come to find me and I trusted him that he would not tell others about me - even though he could not understand me until then.

Now that I'm on the subject, why could he understand me? And why now that he could?

By now I realized that I might have flown too far, as I saw a huge pile of stone pillars.

"\_Come to me, my servantsâ€|\_"

Oh no.

It was too late.

My mind was slipping away, making it under HIS... or...HER... or whatever control.

I must resist. Noâ€|\*\*NO\*\*.

"\_Yes, my masterâ€|\_"

\* \* \*

><p><strong>And that's another chapter. Sorry for not updating that frequently, I have a lot of things to do this past week and I didn't have time to write them - even though it is just 1000 words. The story might turn out to be too cheesy by the end but I may as well continue writing it. I'm considering to change my pen name soon because I feel that this pen name may give out my real identity. Although it is unique, it just doesn't feel safe to be using it<strong>

\*\*As always, please review and tell me what improvements I should make to the story.\*\*

#### 4. Chapter 3

\*\*A/N: Thank you for tolerating me this far. I feel like I'm doing a terrible job at writing now, given the fact the views of this story are relatively low (If 300 is counted as low). I will still try to do my best.\*\*

\*\*By the way\*\*

\*\*Disclaimer: I don't own How To Train Your Dragon\*\*.

\* \* \*

><p>Chapter 3<p>

Do I need to explain everything to everyone? I hate explaining things that I don't even know about clearly to people. First is Dion, and then Hiccup.

"Why does everyone wants to know about things? I swear, curiosity has to be driving everyone I know to ask things about me!" I muttered.

"Uh, Ken, the only one that you know since you arrived at Berk is only me? So why..." Hiccup heard me saying that. Am I really that noticeable?

"Nevermind what I said. You can think of me as somewhat crazy sometimes. That's just the way that I think."

"Okay..." I can see that even Hiccup thinks I'm weird, that being said, I am wearing strange clothing, to him at least.

I've always thought that I was weird. Though I wasn't a social outcast like Hiccup, I'm pretty much one already. I never talk to people, I'm always nervous around them, especially strangers. The one thing that sets me apart from Hiccup is that I was accepted by many of them. Even that they used me as a topic to talk about sometimes.

I definitely have a lot of people's attention â€“ which is one thing that I have in common with Hiccup. But unlike Hiccup, I got attention not from almost destroying the school or house, but from outstanding performances in school... You know what, scratch that. I've broken too many people's hearts already by constantly having uncontrollable tempers and mental breakdowns...

And as usual, there's always someone who will break my line of thought.

"What are you thinking about?" Hiccup asked.

"Uh...nothing." I said.

'So, you're saying that you came through a portal thing and just...got here?"

"Yeah, pretty much."

"And exactly how did you get here?"

I shouldn't tell him, that might ruin his discovery or get me exiled from Berk. Either way, I don't want to tell him. But at the same time, I can't lie to him, it's not my thing.

I was shaking pretty badly, I don't know it's because of the cold or me, being nervous.

"You okay?" Hiccup's face looked like that he was worried about me.

'You know, just being nervous again."

"What are you exactly nervous about?"

"I...can't tell you exactly what is it about."

"Why?"

"Can you just stop bombarding me with questions?" I snapped.

He was speechless.

"Oh...sorry about that. I tend to get a bit...emotional sometimes."

Oh no. Now he must be thinking that I'm a weirdo of some sorts. Then again, he might not, considering who he is.

"That's okay...are you sure that you're fine?"

"Yes."

'So...anyway, what..." I stared at him with an annoyed face, "...nevermind then."

Man, I would never see this day coming. First, I downed a Night Fury, before setting it free again. Then, I met Ken.

He's really weird. In fact, his name is weirder than mine. Who will ever name their children after some modal verbs? I get that its spelling isn't the same but still, it's a weird sounding name.

But at the same time, it feels like that he's just like me, minus the sudden mood swings and all. It seems that he doesn't talk much. As he stutters every time I ask him something.

Which brings up to the point, why does he refuse to answer me? I mean he is nervous. He's not acting it from what I can tell. But why exactly he's not answering? The only thing I know about him is that he's from...well anywhere that's far...far away from here through a portal. But why would a portal just suddenly open at ground level? I've never seen or heard something like that before.

"Hey, it's getting late." Ken said. "Should we head back to the village?"

I nodded. Still thinking about the mysteries behind this boy.

At least he's trustworthy.

\* \* \*

><p>During the trip back to the village, I caught Hiccup staring into nothingness a couple of times, like he was thinking of something. Did he saw Dion flying off...no that's impossible. He flew off so fast, no one should be able to see him.</p>

So what exactly is he thinking about? Maybe I'm still weird to him? It's probably the clothes. Yep, definitely the clothes.

"Tell you what, I'll let you borrow my clothes for a while but..."Hiccup said as we approached the back door.

"The problem is..."

"My dad's home by this time."

"Oh. This should make things a lot of more interesting."

We sneaked past through the back doors, hoping that the chief wouldn't notice me.

I managed to be quick enough to get to Hiccup's room, but Hiccup...not so much.

"Dad! Uh...uh...I have to talk to you, dad."Hiccup said.

"I need to speak with you too son." Stoick said.

I kept quiet as I over heard their conversation in Hiccup's bedroom.

"I've decided I don't wanna fight dragons!"'I think it's time you learn to fight dragons"They said at the same time.

"What?" They both said in unison.

' "You go first."

"No, you go first." Hiccup pleaded.

"Alright, you get your wish. Dragon training. You start in the morning."

"Oh man," I can imagine Hiccup's face right now."I should've gone first. Uh...cause I was thinking, you know we have a surplus of

dragon fighting Vikings, but do we have enough bread-making Vikings? Or small home repairing Vikings -"He got cut off by his father.

"You'll need this." I heard Stoick passing up an ax to Hiccup.

"I don't wanna fight dragons." Oh here we go, the one-sided conversion.

"Come on. Yes you do."

"Rephrase. Dad, I can't kill dragons!"

"But you will kill dragons."

"No, I'm really very extra sure that I won't."

I sighed. Why couldn't Hiccup tell the truth already?

"It's time, Hiccup."

"Can you not hear me?" Hiccup desperately asked.

'This is serious, son!' I heard Stoick raising up his voice. "When you carry this ax, you carry all of us with you. Which means you walk like us, you talk like us, you think like us. No more of...this."

"You just gestures to all of me." Hiccup said in an annoyed tone.

"Deal?"

"This conversation is feeling very one-sided."

"DEAL?!"

Hiccup sighed. "Deal."

I sighed as well.

"Good, train hard. I'll be back, probably."

"And I'll be here...maybe."

As soon as I heard the door closing, I immediately ran downstairs, with Hiccup's spared tunic and pants.

"Hiccup, why would you agree to that? You just set free a Night fury! Trust me, you can't kill a dragon...I mean, you WON'T kill a dragon." I said.

"That's what I was trying to tell my dad..."

"Yeah, but I heard that you didn't have a valid argument. You didn't bring up the main point that could support it!"

"You know what happens if I said that?" He stared at me. "I would get banished and disowned, because I just set free an enemy!"

"Oh. Let me guess. Your dad is the chief."

"Yes!"

"Then, I'm sorry for suggesting that."

"You don't need to say sorry. You did have a point there."

"Well, anyway. let's go to bed. Maybe I could sleep besides you on the floor?"

"Sure...why not."

And so, we headed back upstairs.

\* \* \*

><p>When I was awake, Hiccup was already gone. I guess he already went to dragon training.<p>

So I decided to go back to the woods to see if Dion's there or not.

The only thing I was shouting the entire time was 'Dion? Dion? You there?' .

I eventually made my way to the cove where Toothless and Hiccup meets.

Knowing that I have the ability to speak to dragons now, I asked the dragon that is constantly trying to fly out of that cove, or rather, the dragon soon-to-be-named Toothless.

'Hey, by any chance, have you seen a Night Fury above flying over you?"

"\_Right now, you're just mocking me, right?" \_He growled..

"I heard that!" I replied.

"\_What! A human that can understand our language?" \_

"Yeah, surprising, isn't it? Anyway, I'm being serious. Have you seen another Night Fury flying by?"

"\_No, I haven't. In fact, the only Night Fury I ever knew was gone a few moons ago."\_

I was going to reply to him when I heard footsteps behind me.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>And that's another chapter. I've sped up quite quickly this time on writing and I'm now convinced that I'm might be getting better at this.<strong>

\*\*Also, i see that there's a gradual increase in word count per chapter over the last few chapters. This means good, right?\*\*

\*\*Anyway, please review.\*\*

End  
file.